

LYICKING VALLEY COURIER.

NO. 17.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 121

3
12
Situation. attempted to get news in regard to Cannel City, and Mr. S. R. Collier for. She doctor put on a smile and said: "It is this week." In fact for particulars, as close as a clam, are singularly accurate, but by dint of learned several things, noted that the show that several wells had immediately and we been ordered so can be drilled in the six inches. It but application has to the Cumberland to lay pipe to the of they would send a the field over. drill had reached a inches in the oil a the oil was struck feet in the hole, the room for doubt like is a rich one.

school Notes. school room has had one able and pleasant week. The new has almost paid for in one week of real benefit to the pupils express themselves pleased with the new, such as they had easily had in the same we spent Saturday in chalk troughs for our we feel sure that the still more appreciate things that we are doing. Besides making up the chalk troughs school house we also made for the school lot but them hauled up, so up this week, and the broken places in repaired. We are trying the school lot and beautiful, and then with beautiful surroundings best methods of teaching discipline we feel justified going out among the people of Morgan and ad- counties and ask them to the West Liberty High where general and spe- conditions are as good for getting their money's as any school in the main section of the State. the young men and women in county who are thinking going away to school this winter wish to say: Turn your toward West Liberty High school, and if there is any information you would like, write to Wilson or myself and we be more than glad to answer any and all questions relating to the work here. While I am riding as School Supervisor had some teachers ask me whether they could get the State certificate course here this winter and I could not answer definitely then for I had no bulletin the work and I did not know, now I wish to say that there will be a special course for that of pupils, and we hope to have a real interesting class in work the coming term.

We promised a little short story from our language class, but no room for it last week, so give it to you this week. We hope you will appreciate the fact these stories come from little 12 and 13 years old and of you will not expect these be like the product of older more mature minds. We publish them to encourage the little to greater effort.

The following little composition was written by a member of language class after having asked to write a composition describing "Spring."

SPRING
has come. How our hearts leap at the approach of Spring. Every- on a new appearance and seems like little lambs in the meadow play; the little birds wing feeling so gay that

they scarcely light on the ground, but are rambling among the buds and flowers that Spring has brought with it. The air is filled with sweet perfume that nothing else can bring. The dandelions appear in spots of gold in meadows and the shy little violet begin to look from out their winter home to see the glad sunshine that Spring brings.

The song of the robin and the chirp of the bluebird are heard once more and the friendly little wren comes once again to claim its right to build its nest in the old bucket that you fastened on the post so long ago.

Spring makes us all feel more like being kind to all of God's little dumb and innocent creatures.

MARTHA OAKLEY, age 12 years, Sixth Grade.

The Normal Room.

CISCO.

Some Fast.

The truth of the following is vouched for by W. G. Franklin, as good a citizen and as truthful a man as there is in West Liberty:

About the first of August Mrs. Franklin had two hens to become broody at the same time and on the same nest. Desiring to set only one of them she carried the other up into the barn loft and turned a box down over her to keep her from interfering with her No. 1. Mrs. Franklin forgot about her No. 2 until Sept. 27th, when she happened to be in the barn loft and hearing a noise under the box she raised it up and to her surprise Mrs. Biddy walked forth, apparently but little the worse for her long fast. In the meantime hen No. 1 had hatched her brood and the chickens were almost frying size.

Brief News Notes.

Several riots took place at Lawrence, Mass., Monday while the Industrial Workers of the World attempted to keep men, women and children who refused to quit from going to work.

Gov. Colquitt, of Texas, Monday sought to withdraw his permission to the Mexican troops' passing through Texas. The message had not been received by the State Department last night and officials say the Governor could not help himself as his permission is not needed.

Jeannette Little, reputed to be the wife of Jim Stacy, under arrest as one of the Canadian bank robbers, told the Chicago police that two men, one a well-known business man, either had \$170,000 the loot, or knew where it was hidden.

Crazed with jealousy because he had heard his divorced wife was about to marry again, Matt Singleton Monday morning killed the woman and then committed suicide.

Preparations for war with Turkey are being made with feverish haste by Servia, Bulgaria and Greece. The armies of the Balkan States are being mobilized and will be ready to move within a short time.

Editorial revelations concerning the recent intervention in Nicaragua are promised by Gen. Juan Leets, who is testifying in the investigation of Nicaraguan revolutionary affairs.

Authorities at Quincy, Ill., have secured no evidence which they consider strong enough upon which to make an arrest in the suspected murder of four persons at the Pfanschmidt home.

The local option election in Montgomery county Monday resulted in a victory for the "dry's."

STATE NORMAL RICHMOND, KY.
A Training School for Teachers
Courses leading to Elementary, Intermediate and Late State Certification, all in the subjects of Kentucky, Special Education, Normal, Agriculture, a well equipped laboratory, and a well equipped library. Second Term November 15, Third Term February 1, Summer School opens June 16, Catalogues Free.

J. G. CRABBE, President.

We want your job work.

Advertising Talk No. 4.

For some weeks our advertising has crowded our "advertising talk" out of the paper, but we recognize the need of persistency in advertising. Nothing, not even a newspaper, can be too well advertised, and we are pursuing the only successful plan in advertising. Our subscription, advertising and job patronage is increasing, but we want more. We will manage to handle it. Not a job goes out of our shop without our imprint, where this is allowable, and where it is not the stationery boxes containing our work has a label showing where it was made. No matter how well a merchant is known, an ad will help his trade. It reminds the people of your business at the time the need of an article presents itself to them. Persistency is the secret of success in advertising. Try it.

Commissioner of Public Roads R. C. Terrell, of Kentucky, has announced that he will use every effort to bring about a big attendance of farmers at the two days good road meeting to be held at Mammoth Cave Ky., October 4 and 5. Kentucky, Indiana and Tennessee will be represented and, from present indications, hundreds will be on hand. Not only will good roads and how to build them, be discussed, but a round of entertainment will be provided which will be well worth enjoying. A barbecue of the real old-fashioned kind will be included.

The value of good roads as a commercial asset to the farmer is to-day recognized in all sections. Indiana has proved this in many instances, as has Kentucky and Tennessee. What is wanted is more good roads, as these mean more valuable farms and better access for the farmer to the markets. Instructive and practical talks from representatives of the director of public roads, Washington; the agricultural departments of the three states interested, and various commercial bodies will be made. It will be shown that the good roads proposition is of vital interest to the farmer, first, and to others, later. What benefits the farmer is certain to benefit the citizens. United States Senators, representatives in congress, governors, and state and county officers, by the dozen, have sent in strong letters approving the character of the meeting.

Dr. Ben Bruner, of Louisville, former Mayor Charles Bookwalter, of Indianapolis; Governor Ben Hopper, of Tennessee; Mr. Charles C. Gilbert, of Nashville, and a dozen others will be heard in course of the meeting. But as before stated, it will not be all work and no play. There will be diversions of a pleasant character. When the meeting adjourns it is believed a long step will have been taken toward cementing the bonds of friendship between the states represented and a long step taken toward the final achievement of the best public highways in the United States to connect and cross Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Along the old Louisville and Nashville pike, in Tennessee, farmers gladly pay \$1.00 per acre on their land for the purpose of raising a fund to make improvements. J. H. Roney, of Cotton town, Tenn., who owns 165 acres has donated \$200, a team and gravel. J. A. McDaniel, of Uno, Hart County, Ky., is doing fine work in his section toward bringing about more good roads.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to consent in writing of the owners of the majority of stock of the Reese Kitchen Lumber Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky, the same has been voluntarily dissolved; and will continue to act as such corporation for the purpose only of closing up its business and for other purpose.

121-41. S. B. REESE.

Vice Pres. of Reese-Kitchen Lumber Co.

Local and Personal.

Keeton has fresh oysters every Saturday. Place your order before it is too late.

Jas. H. Wells, of Wellington, was in town Monday night and Tuesday the guest of Joe M. Kendall.

H. G. Cottle left Monday for Louisville, where he is attending the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

L. Darrow, of La Port, Ind., was in town several days the first of the week in the interest of his developments in this country.

Last Saturday one of the mules of Dan Collier, of Menifee, was severely crippled on the pipe line by a section of pipe falling on it.

Mrs. John B. Phipps visited her cousin, Mrs. W. Hammons, at Caney, and accompanied by Mrs. Hammons went to the play at Cannel City Saturday night.

Mrs. S. R. Collier entertained at dinner Tuesday in honor of her mother, Mrs. Emma Turley, and her cousin, Mrs. Wilson, both of Cynthia. The guests who were delightfully entertained, were: Mesdames B. F. Carter, W. A. Duncan, H. M. Cox and Leona Bell Carter. Mrs. Collier entertained the same parties Wednesday with a trip to the Elk Fork gas wells and a picnic dinner.

Henry Cole made a business trip to Elliott county last week.

Stanley Dennis, of Ezel, visited his uncle, H. V. Nickell, last week.

Uncle John McClain, of Alice, was in town last week on business.

Ron to the wife of Fred Hammond, of Licking River, Sept. 28th, a boy.

Miss Lou Maxey, of Maytown, visited her cousin, Mrs. Elsie Bays, last week.

Dennis Caskey, of Lenox, paid us a pleasant visit while in town Saturday.

John B. Phipps made a business trip to Morehead and Mt. Sterling last week.

Deputy Sheriff, T. J. Perry, of Blaize, called in to see us while in town Monday.

A. J. Gatewood, of Mt. Sterling, was in town several days this week on business.

D. P. McKinzie, of Goodsey, was a business caller at the Courier office Saturday.

Newt Gullett, of Lamar, and Newt Reed of Caney were in town on business Saturday.

D. B. F. McClure of Burbon county, visited his daughter, Mrs. J. P. Haney, last week.

Jessie Caudill, genial representative of Morehead Grocery Company, was here last week.

Boon Hutchinson, of Alice, was in town Thursday having Dr. Gullett do some dental work.

Josh Walsh, of Goodsey, and Lee McClain, of Lenox, were in town on business Saturday.

Dr. J. E. Goodwin, returned Friday from Relief where he had been doing dental work for several days.

County Clerk, Jas. H. Sebastian left Monday morning for Lexington and Frankfort on business.

Eld. Eustace, a Baptist minister is holding a two weeks protracted meeting at the Court House.

Margarette, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Haney, is suffering from a stroke of infantile paralysis.

Mrs. Emma Turley and Mrs. Wilson, of Cynthia, are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. S. R. Collier.

If we can't do a nice job work here as any other country print shop we don't charge you a penny for it.

R. H. Ferguson, of Dingus, and Dudley Anderson, of Ezel were pleasant callers at our office one night last week.

"Chap" Swango, of White Oak, has moved to the J. H. Day property to be handy to our excellent school.

W. A. Duncan, Cashier of the Commercial Bank of West Liberty, is attending the Kentucky Bankers Association at Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ramey, of Salyersville, visited Mrs. Carron Cartwell last week and while here Mr. Ramey gave us a nice order for job work.

Misses Gladys Day and Viola Howard, of Grassley, were in town Monday. Miss Howard to visit the family of W. J. Seitz, and Miss Day to enter school here.

G. W. Phillips has built a gravel side in front of his property. This is the right step. Gravel makes a good walk, and also makes a good foundation for concrete.

You have a bit of news worthy of publication drop in and tell us or call us up. We can't tell the public of the comings and goings of yourself or friends unless we are first told.

Mrs. David Vance, of Matoicello, Ill., who has been very ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Cottle, of this city, is much improved, and contemplates starting with her two children for her home to day.

H. E. Weaver and P. C. Lay, of Williamsburg, who have been working for a portrait company for some time, but who are now hardening their muscles on the pipe line, were pleasant callers at our office on last press night.

Don't forget the Democratic speaking at the Court House Monday Oct. 14th. Hon. W. P. Kemball, of Lexington, will tell you why it is to your interest and to the interest of those dependent upon you to vote the Democratic ticket this year. Come and hear him, one and all.

Get the Habit

Of doing your buying at

LYKINS' GROCERY.

Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, provisions, meat, meal and flour. Quality, first-class.

Ice Cream and all kinds of Cold Drinks.

I have what you want at prices to suit you.

DENNY M. LYKINS,

Main Street

Republican Speaking!

Hon. Harry Bailey,

Republican Candidate for Congress

From the Ninth District,

Will address the voters of Morgan county, in the interest of his candidacy, at the following times and places:

West Liberty, October 8th,

Wrigley, October 9th.

Speaking at 1:30 o'clock p. m.

Best Clubbing Offer

It does not require many words to convince you that the following clubbing offer is the most liberal one ever offered by any newspaper. All of the publications at the best in their class, and it is rare that such a combination can be offered.

The Courier, one year, Uncle Remus' Magazine, six months, Southern Ruralist, one year, Gentlewoman, one year, and Good Stories, one year; the five for only

\$1.50 One dollar fifty \$1.50

Send all orders to

THE COURIER,

West Liberty, Kentucky

10 SHOTS

at your finger tips in the

SAVAGE

Automatic

Pistol.

Special features that will appeal to you:

Ten Shots—Double the number contained in an ordinary revolver and two more than any other automatic pistol. Accuracy—The pistol is so constructed that all powder gases are utilized, insuring extreme accuracy, as well as freedom from fouling.

simplicity—Fewer parts than any other automatic pistol; completely dismounts by hand, without tools; no screws to work loose. Safety—Breech positively and automatically locked at the time of discharge. Balance—Perfect balance, center of gravity well to the rear; lies naturally in the hand. Weight—19 ounces including magazine; length over all, 6 inches. BIGGEST HANDFUL IN THE WORLD.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 503 Savage Avenue, UTICA, N. Y.

A Great Presidential Campaign Offer

The most liberal we have ever made.

The Licking Valley Courier

SIX MONTHS, and

The Daily Evening Post

Until November 10, 1912

BOTH FOR \$1.00

All subscriptions must be sent to the COURIER office.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

Issued Thursday by
The Morgan County Publishing Co.

Terms—One Dollar a year in advance.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democratic Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT
WOODROW WILSON.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

FOR CONGRESS
W. J. FIELDS.

FOR APPELLATE JUDGE
C. C. TURNER.

The melancholy days have come;
What need us mortals care?
We'll miss the soda fountain some,
But the oyster is just as dear.

Mexico's best friends are advising it to be careful.

M. Vedrines has pushed the speed limit off the earth.

After all, New York needs a pennant worse than does Chicago.

Canada gets 175,000 Americans this year. In a century at that rate she will have the whole of us.

A good campaign button for Colonel Roosevelt would be a picture of Ananias done in Standard oil.

Man is weak. That is why he invests in a cantaloupe when he knows the chances are ten to one against him.

Never mind the prediction of that physician that there will be a generation without stomachs. It is just as well to proceed with a reduction of the cost of living.

When highwaymen bent on robbing a Kansas woman accidentally tickled her she laughed so much that they fled in terror, which only goes to show that laughter is better than tears any day.

The Taftites are wont to speak lightly of Roosevelt's candidacy, but it is very noticeable that when the Bull Moose sniffs the air and emits a snort they all take to the tall timber without further ado.

In the past forty years our Treasury has profited to the extent of \$200,000,000 in "seigniorage" (the difference between the prices of bullion and the face value of the coin.) Quite a little "high finance trust," as it were.

Suppose some ultra religiousists of the antiquated school will now be saying that providence especially ordered the bumper corn crop this year when there is no stock to consume it, when every body knows that the 'shiners are the ones who will be most benefited.

"Mountain Dew" ought to be as cheap as ice water this winter.

President Taft's promise to reduce the tariff, in the event of his reelection is adding insult to injury. The president's veto of the various bills passed by the last congress in the interest of the common people stamps him either as the most pitifully incompetent officer, or else the most servile tool of the trusts that ever misgoverned the American people.

Our neighbor, the Paintsville Herald, believes in a good editorial page. So strong is that belief that almost weekly it uses one or more of the COURIER editorials, without credit, putting them up to its readers as original thought of the Herald's editor. We can't say that we are flattered at this recognition of the good things that fill these columns, but we would much prefer to be recognized as the daddy of our own thoughts than have them straying about under foster parentage.

Never before in the history of any political campaign has there been a fight to compare in vindictiveness and scathing arraignment to the one now going between a president of the United States on one hand and an ex-president of the same country on the other hand.

If the half that Taft and Teddy have already told on each other be true (and no one will be so presumptuous as to dispute the word of such illustrious personages) then neither of them should ever again be trusted to preside over the destinies of a free people.

Again we are asked the question: "Why don't the town board publish a statement of its fiscal affairs?" We have about concluded that it should be done ourselves. Heretofore we have said but little about it, but our taxes are something fierce and the people ought to be shown how much money has been collected and how it has been expended, and also if there are any delinquents on the tax list, and if so, why?

Some of us pay our taxes regularly and promptly. Do all others do the same? Give us a published statement of those things and let all have a chance to know.

Up at Grayslake, Ill., (wherever that is) there is a man who bears the euphonious cognomen of William Ellis, and he is proud of it, judging from the way he thick-spaces it out to the battle between the big men let us Democrats not forget that we have a congressman to elect from the 9th district, and a fighting chance to elect an Appellate Judge from the 7th Appellate district.

While we do not concede that Hon. W. J. Fields is in any danger we ought to see to it that every Democrat goes to the polls and casts his vote and if Judge Blakey can kick up enough dust around the bull moose ranch to obscure the vision of Judge Kirk we might perchance land Hon. C. C. Turner on the appellate bench. Let us not throw away a single chance.

Improvement goes on apace in Morgan county. It would be hard to find a county in Eastern Kentucky that has experienced a more healthful growth or a more general prosperity for the last ten years than Morgan. Notwithstanding the drought and consequent shortage of crops in 1911 our farmers are prosperous and happy. The bumper crops this year have infused new life and more enthusiasm into all classes of business men. Our merchants report trade good and tradesmen are scouring the county for all kinds of stock. There is work for all who will and wages are satisfactory, and he who jangles not the dollar in his jeans has simply set on the proverbial "goods box" and let it roll by.

Let a young man don a decent suit of clothes and carry the witch-stirrups out of his hair and some envious person is ready to call him a dude. Good clothes and a neat appearance are a sign of thrift and the ordinarily well dressed man is as far removed from the dude—the genuine article—as were the Lilliputians from the Brobdingnagians. A dude, proper, is a parody on God's masterpiece; a variety of the genus homo which is tolerated by society but not liked nor loved by anyone. The dude is the vermicular appendix of our social system. The most eminent sociologists have been unable to discover his function. But we people of Morgan county have seen but little of him—he has been pestered but little by the parasite. In fact most of us would have to be told what it was were we to meet one in the road.

Good clothes and a neat appearance are a sign of thrift and the ordinarily well dressed man is as far removed from the dude—the genuine article—as were the Lilliputians from the Brobdingnagians. A dude, proper, is a parody on God's masterpiece; a variety of the genus homo which is tolerated by society but not liked nor loved by anyone. The dude is the vermicular appendix of our social system. The most eminent sociologists have been unable to discover his function. But we people of Morgan county have seen but little of him—he has been pestered but little by the parasite. In fact most of us would have to be told what it was were we to meet one in the road.

Now, Willie, Atlas has the job of supporting the earth on his shoulders. It's too big for you. And don't let the fact that the people are repudiating the republican party trouble your soul; it is but the natural result of the growing intelligence of the people, and when you exchange your bille for brains you will let go of it, too.

Now that a good oil well has been drilled in at Cannel City it remains to be seen whether or not some men, who are afraid that someone else will make a dollar, will retard development by holding back and refusing to lease their land when active operations depend upon their action. No sane man nor set of men, are going to drill a well in a territory where there is a chance for another company to step right into the middle of his territory and sink a well in the event that oil has previously been found. Such tactics as those above referred to have kept capital out of this county before. If there is oil under your land it is not worth a tinker's dam to you until it is pumped from the earth. You are not going to do this yourself—you can't. Then why not give some one else a chance and reap part of the benefits while you live. Oil is not the thing you are looking for after you are dead.

If there is oil under your holdings you would like to know it. If there is not you are not hurt by letting someone else spend their money prospecting for it. What you have been paid for your lease and rentals is not gain to you, then why not give the fellow who is in the business a chance?

GUMPTION
Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.
By L. T. HOVERMALE.

Between Drinks.

Because her husband hugged her too often a Texas woman is suing for a divorce. This opens for debate the question: "How often should a married woman be hugged?"—Exchange.

But more important should be this amendment, "by her own hubby."

Up at Grayslake, Ill., (wherever that is) there is a man who bears the euphonious cognomen of William Ellis, and he is proud of it, judging from the way he thick-spaces it out to the battle between the big men let us Democrats not forget that we have a congressman to elect from the 9th district, and a fighting chance to elect an Appellate Judge from the 7th Appellate district.

We want to compliment our friend, L. T. Hovermale, who is now associated with the West Liberty Courier, on the gumption of his "Gumption." Lon drifts on with most every breeze, but his excellent writing of the little thing and even the cursory scanning that we have given convinces us that the wail of "Little Willie" is indeed the Macdonald cry. My friend William needs to search for light more than any man I have heard of recently, President Taft and Stanley Wood not excepted.

"Little Willie" is one of the few men in this great nation who publicly avows that he is a "standpatter," and the extreme loneliness of his position has put bats in his belfrey and he is constantly bellyaching lest the country go to the damnation bow-wow because it will not listen to him. His liver is out of order and he sees green. He pours out his bile on creation in general and the Socialists in particular. His pet grievance is that the socialist Appeal to Reason has more than a million subscribers while the Searchlight has only a few hundred. Willie, I'm sorry for you, and if you will lean closer and listen attentively I will whisper to you the secret that has caused the COURIER to spread like a green bay tree until it acknowledges no superior in point of circulation and influence, excepting only that excellent and frequently quoted journal, Exchange. It's this: a newspaper or other periodical to be well received by the people must be the product of brains. That is the only thing that seems wanting in the Searchlight.

Now, Willie, Atlas has the job of supporting the earth on his shoulders. It's too big for you. And don't let the fact that the people are repudiating the republican party trouble your soul; it is but the natural result of the growing intelligence of the people, and when you exchange your bille for brains you will let go of it, too.

For you knew of the real-value of Chamberlain's liniment for lame back, soreness of the muscles, sprains and rheumatism pain you would never wish to be without it. For sale by all dealers.

Do you not think it is to your advantage to buy of a merchant who visits the markets several times each year. He shows you the latest styles and most dependable goods.

Moral, C. W. Womack fills the above requirements.

118-120 S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C.

KILL-POIS
For Bad Blood.

Grade and report cards for teachers printed at this office on short notice. Give us a call.

C. W. Womack is headquarters for all kinds of Gas supplies and fixtures—Gas Mantles etc. Buy from him and get the best.

117-118 S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C.

Step in please and call for what you want. You can always get it at Lykins.

117-118 S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C.

Read our clubbing offer again—you can scarcely comprehend what it means to you.

Some Eastern M. Ds. have

ARE YOU SICK?**For Poison Blood**

Purifies the Blood, Cleanses the Liver, Clears the Skin, Strengthens the Nerves, Increases the appetite. For Catarrh, Scrofula, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Pains in the Back, and all Blood diseases from any cause.

**For Chills & Fever**

Of all scientific Chills, Malaria and Ague cures, "CHILL-LAX" is the world's greatest. Absolutely sure, safe and harmless to the person taking it, yet so extremely fatal to the malaria germ that in most cases it drives the poison entirely out of the system in 3 days. A Mild Family Laxative

**The New Discovery**

For RHEUMATISM and GOUT, deeply seated and apparently hopeless cases, any age or condition. Used by Specialists in every quarter of the Globe. Pleasant to take

Don't waste time with compounds, cure-alls and liniments

**Cure Your Kidneys**

For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, which, if neglected, often leads to Bright's Disease. KIDNEY FLUSH is a safe, speedy and satisfactory remedy for long standing KIDNEY trouble, possessing a wonderful antiseptic power

**International Drug Company, Fort Smith, Ark., U. S. A.**

Find herewith \$1.00 for which send me the above mentioned \$5.00 worth of REMEDIES, (All Charges Prepaid)

KIL-POIS, For Bad Blood from any cause \$1.00

CHILL-LAX, For Chills, Malaria, Fevers, Ague \$1.00

666, (The great RHEUMATISM REMEDY) \$1.00

KIDNEY FLUSH, (Kidney and Bladder Diseases) \$1.00

Total value \$5.00

I will send the other \$4.00 within six months from this date, provided the Remedies above mentioned disease and are exactly as recommended. I am to judge.

Name _____

Address _____

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO US

For Sale or Rent.

Large commodious residence on N. E. corner of Broadway and Prestonsburg streets. Terms liberal.

Apply to W. M. KENDVIL, West Liberty, Ky.

Master Commissioners Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.

Under and by virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan Circuit Court, rendered at its June term, 1911, at about the hour of one o'clock p. m., I will at the front door of the court house in the town of West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday October 14th 1912, it being county court day, expose for sale at public outcry, to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

The two following tracts or parcels of land situate, lying an being in Morgan County, Kentucky, on the right hand fork of Lacy Creek, a tributary of Licking River, and bounded and described as follows.

FIRST TRACT—Beginning at the creek on a stone; then with the creek up to Anthony Lowe's line; then up the hill with his line to the top to Patton Cisco's line; then with his line to the branch; then down the branch to the beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.

SECOND TRACT—Beginning on a stone marked "A" then up the point to Riley Pattons line then with Riley Pattons line to S. O. Brown's line; then to T. N. Nickel's line to H. F. Cisco's line; then to G. P. Cisco's line and with his line to a double chestnut oak, a corner between Cohiza Helton and Sylvester Helton; then a straight line down the hill to a hickory on the bank of the branch; then down the branch with its meanders to the beginning, containing 75 acres more or less.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal security bearing 6 per cent interest from day of sale to have the force of a replevin bond, said bond will be made payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner of Morgan Circuit Court. So much of said property will be sold as will produce the sum of \$550.00 so ordered to be made.

110ft. S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C.

JUST LOOK!

D. R. Keeton has just received a new supply of cakes. Direct from factory. All fresh.

KIDNEY-FLUSH

For Kidney & Bladder Diseases

Go to Keeton's for Hirsh's Candy, Chocolate Almonds, Milk Chocolate and Chocolate Kisses.

Don't fail to read our great clubbing offer in this issue. Five papers, including the COURIER for only \$1.50.

Fresh candies always on hand at Lykins' 117-118.

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANNELL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital \$25,000.00

Surplus, (Earned) 20,000.00

Average Deposits, 100,000.00

Authorized U. S. Deposits

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice

CUSTR JONES, Cashier.

CUT OUT THIS AD

MOLES & WARTS**MO**



BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD,"
"WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.)

(Copyright, 1910, by the MacMillan Company.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Elam Harnish, known as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a friendly crowd of miners at the Circle City. They are in a general mood to dance and play cards in the mud fields. The dance leads to heavy gambling in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mind, but wins the last contract of the district.

CHAPTER II.—Burning Daylight starts off with a bang. He tells his friends that the big Yukon gold strike will soon be on and intends to be in it at the start. With Indian and Chinese coolies, he dips down the hill and in the gray light is gone.

CHAPTER III.—Harnish makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the "Thyell and there," and makes a record against cold and exhaustion and is now ready to join his men.

CHAPTER IV.—Harnish decides where the gold will be found in up-river districts, buys up tons of supplies of which he decides will be worth its weight in gold before the season is over.

CHAPTER V.—When Daylight arrives with his heavy outfit of flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Harnish repeats rich instant. He and the Dawson begin investing in corner lots and staking other miners and becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike.

CHAPTER VI.—Harnish makes fortune after fortune. One lucky investment ends in a loss, but the rest of his capital in a vast mining district. He determines to return to civilization and gives a farewell celebration to his friends that is remembered as a kind of blare of glory.

CHAPTER VII.—The papers are full of "The King of the Klondike," and Daylight is feted by the money magnates of the country. They take him into a big social circle. The Klondike pioneer finds himself amid the bewildering complications of high finance.

CHAPTER VIII.—Daylight is bounced by the money men and finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a bad deal. He goes to meet his disloyal business partners at their offices in New York City.

CHAPTER IX.—Confronting his partners with a revolver in characteristic frontier style, he threatens to kill them if they do not return. They are forced into submission and turn their steaming and Harnish goes back to San Francisco with his unimpeded fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Daylight meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty steamer girl with a wicked temper, and a career for Harnish is much attracted toward her and interested in her family affairs.

CHAPTER XI.

Daylight was in the thick of his spectacular and intensely bitter fight with the Coastwise Steam Navigation Company, and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company. He stirred up a bigger mutiny than he had anticipated, and even he was astounded at the wide ramifications of the struggle and at the unexpected and incongruous interests that were drawn into it. Every newspaper in San Francisco turned upon him. It was true, one or two of them had first intimated that they were open to subsidization, but Daylight's judgment was that the situation did not warrant such expenditure. Up to this time the press had been amusingly tolerant and good-naturedly sensational about him, but now he was to learn what virulent scurrilousness an antagonized press was capable of. Every episode of his life was resuscitated to serve as foundations for malicious fabrications. Daylight was frankly amazed at the new interpretation put upon all that he had accomplished and the deeds he had done. From an Alaskan hero he was metamorphosed into an Alaskan bully, liar, desperado, and all-around "bad man." The whole affair sank to the deeper depths of rancor and savagery. The poor woman who had killed herself was dragged out of her grave and paraded on thousands of reams of paper as a martyr and a victim to Daylight's ferocious brutality.

He was like a big bear raiding a beehive, and, regardless of the stings, he obstinately persisted in pawing for the honey. He gritted his teeth and struck back. Beginning with a raid on two steamship companies, it developed into a pitched battle with a city, state, and continental coast line. Al lied with him, on a splendid salary, with princely pickings thrown in, while a lawyer, Larry Hegan, a young Irishman with a reputation to make, and whose peculiar genius had been unrecognized until Daylight had picked him up, it was Hegan who guided Daylight through the intricacies of modern politics, labor organization, and commercial and corporation law. It was Hegan, prolific of resource and suggestion, who opened Daylight's eyes to undreamed-of possibilities in twentieth-century warfare; and it was Daylight, rejecting, accepting, and elaborating, who planned the campaigns and prosecuted them. With the Pacific coast, from Puget Sound to Panama, buzzing and humming, and with San Francisco furiously about his ears, the two big steamship companies had all the appearance of winning. It looked as if Burning Daylight was being beaten slowly to his knees. And then he struck—at the steamship companies, at San Francisco, at the whole Pacific coast.

It was not much of a blow at first. A Christian Endeavor convention was being held in San Francisco, a row was started by Express Drivers' Union No. 227 over the handling of a small heap of baggage at Ferry Building. A few heads were broken, a score of arrests made, and the baggage was delivered. No one would have guessed that behind this petty wrangle was the fine Irish hand of Hegan, made potent by the Klondike gold of Burning Daylight. It was an insignificant affair at best—or so it seemed. But the Teamsters' Union took up the quarrel, backed by the whole Water Front Federation. Step by step, the

strike became involved. A refusal of cooks and waiters to serve scab teamsters or teamsters' employers brought out the cooks and waiters. The butchers and meat cutters refused to handle meat destined for unfair restaurants. The combined Employers' Associations put up a solid front, and found facing them the 40,000 organized laborers of San Francisco. The restaurant bakers and the bakery wagon drivers struck, followed by the milkmen, milk drivers and chicken pickers. The building trades asserted its position in unambiguous terms, and all San Franciscans were in turmoil.

But all, it was only San Francisco. Hegan's intrigues were masterly, and Daylight's campaign steadily developed. The powerful fighting organiza-



"Sure Beats Country Places and Bungalows at Menlo Park," He Complained Aloud.

tion known as the Pacific Slope Steamship Union refused to work vessels the cargoes of which were to be handled by scab longshoremen and freight handlers. The union presented its ultimatum, and then called a strike. This had been Daylight's objective all the time. Every incoming coastwise vessel was boarded by the union officials and its crew sent ashore. And with the seamen went the firemen, the engineers and the sea cooks and waiters. Daily the number of the seamen increased. It was impossible to get scab crews, for the men of the Seamen's Union were fighters trained in the hard school of the sea, and when they went out it meant blood and death to scabs. This phase of the strike spread up and down the entire Pacific coast, until all the ports were filled with idle ships, and sea transportation was at a standstill. The days and weeks dragged on, and the strike held. The Coastwise Steam Navigation Company and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company were tied up completely. The expense of combating the strike were tremendous, and they were earning nothing, while daily the situation went from bad to worse, until "peace at any price" became the cry. And still there was no peace, until Daylight and his allies played out their hand, raked in the winnings, and allowed a goodly portion of a continent to resume business.

Daylight's coming to civilization had not improved him. True, he wore better clothes, had learned slightly better manners, and spoke better English. But he had hardened, and at the expense of his old-time, whole-souled gentility. Even his human affiliations were descending. Playing a lone hand, contemptuous of most of the men with whom he played, lacking in sympathy or understanding of them, and certainly independent of them, he found little in common with those to be encountered, say at the Alta-Pacific. In point of fact, when the battle with the steamship companies was at its height and his raid was inflicting incalculable damage on all business interests, he had been asked to resign from the Alta-Pacific. The idea had been raised, to his liking, and he had found new quarters in clubs like the Riverside, organized and practically maintained by the city bosses.

One week-end, feeling healthy and depressed and tired of the city and its ways, he obeyed the impulse of a man that was later to play an important part in his life. The desire to get out of the city for a while of country air and for a change of scene was the cause. Yet, to himself, he made the excuse of going to Glen Ellen for the purpose of inspecting a brickyard which Hardsworth had sold him. He spent the night in the little country hotel, and on Sunday morning, astride a saddle horse rented from the Glen Ellen butcher, rode out of the village. The brickyard was close at hand on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek.

Resolving to have his fun first, and to look over the brickyard afterward, he rode up the hill, prospecting for a way across country to get to the knolls. He left the country road at the first gate he came to and cantered through a hayfield. The grass was waist-high on either side of the wagon-road, and he sniffed the warm aroma of it with delighted nostrils. At the base of the knolls he encountered a tumble-down stake-and-rider fence.

He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed with oaks and madrones and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that threaded its way among the knolls.

Here he found no passage out for his horse, and leading the animal, he forced his way up the hillside. On the crest he came through an amazing thicket of velvet-trunked young madrones, and emerged on an open hillside that led down into a tiny valley. The sunshine was at first dazzling in its brightness, and he paused and rested, for he was panting from the exertion. Not of old had he known shortness of breath such as this, and muscles that so easily tired at a stiff climb. A tiny stream ran down the tiny valley through a tiny meadow that was carpeted knee-high with grass and blue and white nemophila.

Crossing the stream, Daylight followed a faint cattle trail over a low, rocky hill and into a wine-bordered forest of manzanita, and emerged upon another tiny valley, down which filtered another spring-fed, meadow-bordered streamlet.

"It sure beats country places and bungalows at Menlo Park," he commented aloud; "and if ever I get the hankering for country life, it's me for this every time."

An old wood-road led him to a clearing, where a dozen acres of grapes grew on wine-red soil. A cow-path, more trees and thickets, and he dropped down a hillside to the southeast exposure. Here poised above a big forested canyon, and looking out upon Sonoma Valley, was a small farmhouse. With its barn and outhouses it struggled into a nook in the hillside, which protected it from the west and north. It was the erosion from this hillside, that had formed the little level stretch of vegetable garden. The soil was fat and black, and there was water in plenty, for he saw several fountains running wide open. Forgotten was the brickyard. Nobody was at home, but Daylight dismounted and ranged the vegetable garden, eating strawberries and green peas. Inspecting the old adobe barn and rusty plow and harrow, and rolling and smoking cigarettes while he watched the antics of several broods of young chicks and the mother hen.

Nothing could satisfy his holiday spirit now but the ascent of Sonoma Mountain. And here on the crest, three hours afterward, he emerged, tired and sweaty, garments torn and face and hands scratched, but with sparkling eyes and an unwonted zestfulness of expression. He felt the illicit pleasure of a schoolboy playing truant. The big gaming table of San Francisco seemed very far away. But there was more than illicit pleasure in his mood. It was as though he were going through a sort of cleansing bath. No room here for all the sordidness, meanness and viciousness that filled the dirty pool of city existence. He was loath to depart, and it was not for an hour that he was able to tear himself away and take the descent of the mountain. Working out, late afternoon was upon him when he arrived back at the wooded knolls.

Daylight cast about for a trail, and one leading down the side opposite to his ascent. Circling the base of the knoll, he picked up with his horse and rode on to the farmhouse. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and he was quickly in conversation with a nervous, slender young man, who, he learned, was only a tenant on the ranch. How large was it? A matter of one hundred and eighty acres, though it seemed much larger. This was because it was so irregularly shaped. Yes, it included the clay-pit and all the knolls, and its boundary that ran along the big canyon was over a mile long. Oh, yes, he and his wife managed to scratch

Instead of returning to the city on Monday, Daylight rented the butcher's horse for another day and crossed the bed of the valley to its eastern hills. As on the previous day, just for the joy of it, he followed cattle-trails at haphazard and worked his way up toward the summits. Coming out upon a wagon road that led upward, he followed it for several miles, emerging in a small, mountain-encircled valley, where half a dozen poor ranchers farmed the wine-grapes on the steep slopes. Beyond, the road pitched upward. Dense chaparral covered the exposed hillsides, but in the creases of the canyons huge spruce trees grew, and wild oats and flowers.

Late in the afternoon he broke through, and followed a well-defined trail down a dry canyon. The dry canyon gave place to one with a slender ribbon of running water. The trail ran into a wood-road, and the wood-road merged across a small flat upon a slightly traveled country road. There were no farms in this immediate section, and no houses. The soil was meager, the bed-rock either close to the surface or constituting the surface itself. Manzanita and scrub-oak, however, flourished and walled the road on either side with a jungle growth. And out a runway through this growth a man suddenly scuttled in a way that reminded Daylight of a rabbit.

It was not until ten o'clock that Daylight parted from Ferguson. As he rode along through the starlight, the idea came to him of buying the ranch on the other side of the valley. There was no thought in his mind of ever intending to live on it. His game was in San Francisco. But he liked the ranch, and as soon as he got back to the office he would open up negotiations with Hillard.

The time passed, and he played on at the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

Dede Mason was still in the office. He had made no more overtures, discussed no more books. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy, which by his essential nature, was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

"If you're going to town, I'd be obliged if you mail this," he said.

"I sure will!" Daylight put it into his coat pocket. "Do you live hereabouts, stranger?"

But the little man did not answer. He was gazing at Daylight in a surprised and steadfast fashion.

"I know you," the little man announced. "You're Elam Harnish—Burning Daylight, the papers call you. Am I right?"

Daylight nodded.

"Well, I'm glad I wrote that letter this afternoon." The little man went on. "Or else I'd have missed seeing you. I've seen your photo in the papers many a time, and I've a good memory for faces. I recognized you at once. My name's Ferguson."

"Do you live hereabouts?" Daylight repeated his query.

"Oh, yes. I've got a little shack back here in the bush a hundred yards and pretty spring, and a few fruit trees and berry bushes. Come in and take a look. And that spring is a dandy. You never tasted water like it. Come in and try it."

The young man laughed and shook his head.

"No; I'm a telegraph operator. But the wife and I decided to take a two-year's vacation, and . . . here we are. But the time's about up. I'm going back into the office this fall after I get the grapes off."

As Daylight listened, there came to him a sudden envy of this young fellow living right in the midst of all this which Daylight had traveled through the last few hours.

"What in thunder are you going back to the telegraph office for?" he demanded.

The young man smiled with a certain wistfulness.

"Because we can't get ahead here . . ." he hesitated an instant, "and because there are added expenses coming. The rent, small as it is, counts; and besides, I'm not strong enough to effectually farm the place.

If I owned it, or if I were a real husky like you, I'd ask nothing better. Nor would the wife." Again the wistful smile hovered on his face. "You see, we're country born, and after

bucking with cities for a few years, we kind of feel we like the country best. We've planned to get ahead, though, and then some day we'll buy a patch of land and stay with it."

Daylight could not persuade himself to keep to the traveled roads that day, and another cut across country to Glen Ellen brought him upon a canyon that so blocked his way that he was glad to follow a friendly cow-path. This led him to a small frame cabin. The doors and windows were open, and a cat was nursing a litter of kittens in the doorway, but no one seemed at home. He descended the trail that evidently crossed the canyon. Part way down, he met an old man coming up through the sunset. In his hand he carried a pail of foamy milk. He wore no hat, and in his face, framed with snow-white hair and beard, was the ready glow and content of the passing summer day.

Daylight thought that he had never seen so contented looking a being. "How old are you, daddy?" he queried.

"Eighty-four," was the reply. "Yes, sirree, eighty-four, and spry than most."

"You must a taken good care of yourself," Daylight suggested.

"I don't know about that; I ain't loafed none. I walked across the plains with an ox team and fit injuns in '51, and I was a family man with seven youngsters. I reckon I was as old then as you are now, or pretty nigh on to it."

"Don't you find it lonely here?"

The old man shifted the pail of milk and reflected.

"That all depends," he said gravely. "I ain't never been lonely except when the old wife died. Some fellers are lonely in a crowd, and I'm one of them. That's the only time I'm lonely, is when I go to Frisco. But I don't go no more, thank you most to death. This is good, enough for me. I've been right here in this valley since '54—one of the first settlers after the Spaniards."

The old man chuckled, and Daylight rode on, singularly at peace with himself and all the world. It seemed that the old contentment of trail and camp he had known on the Yukon had come back to him. He could not shake from his eyes the picture of the old pioneer coming up the trail through the sunset light. He was certainly going some for eighty-four. The thought of following his example entered Daylight's mind, but the big game of San Francisco vetoed the idea.

CHAPTER XII.

Instead of returning to the city on Monday, Daylight rented the butcher's horse for another day and crossed the bed of the valley to its eastern hills. As on the previous day, just for the joy of it, he followed cattle-trails at haphazard and worked his way up toward the summits. Coming out upon a wagon road that led upward, he followed it for several miles, emerging in a small, mountain-encircled valley, where half a dozen poor ranchers farmed the wine-grapes on the steep slopes. Beyond, the road pitched upward. Dense chaparral covered the exposed hillsides, but in the creases of the canyons huge spruce trees grew, and wild oats and flowers.

Late in the afternoon he broke through, and followed a well-defined trail down a dry canyon. The dry canyon gave place to one with a slender ribbon of running water. The trail ran into a wood-road, and the wood-road merged across a small flat upon a slightly traveled country road.

There were no farms in this immediate section, and no houses. The soil was meager, the bed-rock either close to the surface or constituting the surface itself. Manzanita and scrub-oak, however, flourished and walled the road on either side with a jungle growth.

And out a runway through this growth a man suddenly scuttled in a way that reminded Daylight of a rabbit.

It was not until ten o'clock that Daylight parted from Ferguson. As he rode along through the starlight, the idea came to him of buying the ranch on the other side of the valley. There was no thought in his mind of ever intending to live on it. His game was in San Francisco. But he liked the ranch, and as soon as he got back to the office he would open up negotiations with Hillard.

The time passed, and he played on at the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

Dede Mason was still in the office. He had made no more overtures, discussed no more books. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy, which by his essential nature, was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

"If you're going to town, I'd be obliged if you mail this," he said.

Farmer's Corner.

Reading Matter.

As the evenings lengthen, the mind will turn to the supply of reading, either now on hand, or to be ordered. Magazines and newspapers are now so cheap that there may be quite a variety for a small sum. See that you get something of value and of interest. Many magazines are reprehensible because of the nature of the literature presented. There are many others that give the best of fiction, not only of the kind that elevates one's tastes, but also that teaches a lesson in a pleasing manner. Try to keep up with the most important of the current events, and take interest in the world in which you live. If you have access to a good library, you can feed your mentality on the best of food, and there is absolutely no excuse for ignorance of the most interesting events. "Schooling" is good, but education is better, and one can become educated, though he knows little of schools. Decide to put your spare moments to advantage the coming winter. Why not a neighborhood reading class?

Meat Substitute.

On account of the excess of nitrogenous elements in their composition, the ripened seeds of the legums are among the best substitutes for animal foods, and for use with foods in which starch or other non-nitrogenous elements predominate. Legumes are particularly valuable as strength-producers, and are deserving of a more general use than is given them. When using dried peas, beans, or lentils, soak over night in cold water, then, in the morning pour off the water and cover again with hot water—as a general rule, two quarts of soft water is sufficient for one pint of the seeds. They should be kept boiling moderately all the time, as such things should not simmer until nearly done. Salt should not be added until the contents of the kettle are nearly done. If the food is liked very dry, it can be cooked down, but care must be taken not to scorch. As the seeds become soft, the boiling should be diminished. Do not stir at any time. If the kettle is perfectly clean and smooth—as it should be—let cook from the beginning without putting a spoon in it. It will not burn; but if stirred the contents will scorch.

For baked beans, the seeds should be cooked until they are tender, but not mushy; then, having been allowed to boil nearly dry, they should be lifted into a baking pan, with enough of the boil water to cool them down; strips of nice salt fat pork should be pushed down among the beans in half a dozen places, then the pan put into the oven, and left to cook moderately until well done and well seasoned by the pork strips. This is one of the most commonly liked dishes we know of, and for a cold day dinner, nothing is more liked than a panful of hot, well cooked and well seasoned beans. They are just as good cold. As the cool weather approaches, necessitating a fire for some hours morning and evening, the fire should be taken advantage of and such dishes prepared for the meals when the day is warmed up. Commoner.

Try a drink of Lykins' delicious ice cream. Keeton has just received a new supply of Stationery and School Supplies.

Trade with our advertisers: they will give you better bargains and better treatment than the non-advertising merchant.

You'll not go away hot and perspiring if you drink at Lykins' soda fountain.

CHIL-LAX For Chills & Fever.

Go to Keeton's for fresh cakes, either package or bulk.

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

Keeton carries the most complete line of Groceries in town.

Go to Denny Lykins for any thing you want when hungry or thirsty.

Read our clubbing offer with the COMMONER in this number, be wise and take advantage of it.

Correspondence

NOTICE. Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, and matters not of a purely news nature are charged for at 5 cents a line, six words per line, the money to accompany the article. Send us the news of your neighborhood, concisely written, but articles for which we have fixed charge must be accompanied by the cash.

GRASSY.

The county Labor Union at Goodwins Chapel Saturday, was largely attended by the farmers and citizens generally. The Ladies prepared a splendid repast, of which all that desired were partakers.

Dr. B. F. McClure, of Bourbon County, is visiting friends and relatives in Morgan at this writing. The Doctor is a welcome visitor among his old friends.

W. M. Henry and wife, of Nannie are visiting their sick daughter, Mrs. J. D. Henry.

The writer of this sketch grew two pumpkin vines, one 6 and the other 6 in. in circumference. For further proof come and see.

Ed. Watson, of Caney, the dentist is doing quite a lot of work at Goodwins Chapel.

W. M. Gedeon, of this place, who recently took his daughter to Lexington to an eye specialist to have her eyes treated has returned.

FAIR PLAY.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

EZEL

Mrs. J. J. McGuire is on the sick list.

Miss Emma Sample is on the sick list.

Mason Malary and wife have moved to town.

Willie Kash is purchasing goods for the new store.

Glen Nickell has returned home from Ohio where he has been working.

Mrs. Ben Creekburn, of Moscow, O., is visiting relatives at this place.

Elie McGuire left this place for below to work.

Walton & Fannin have moved their stave mill over to Grassy.

Dr. Asa Nickell is much better than he has been.

OLD RELIABLE.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. H. P. Bjorgan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For crop there is nothing that excels it." For sale by all dealers.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cough that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

National Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Reading for every member of the family in our great "five paper" clubbing offer.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headache will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

Everybody goes to Keeton's for ice cream and soft drinks. Special attention is given to this line.

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," say Eno's Lollipops of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For sale by all dealers.

Candidate's cards printed at this office while you wait.

Go to Keeton's for Cheese Sandwiches.

We are ready for your job. You are next.

Spend Sundays

AT BEAUTIFUL

Highland Park

Kool,

Kosy,

Komfortable.

Games and amusements for old and young. Plenty to satisfy the inner man.

108tf J. F. STEELE, Mgr.

Correspondence

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK, FOR APPELLATE JUDGE A MOUNTAIN MAN



(Advertisement.)

Ohio & Kentucky Ry

TIME TABLE, Sept. 17, 1911

EASTWARD

| STATIONS | DAILY | DAILY ex A. M. Lv. | DAILY ex SUNDAY |
|----------------|-------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Liberty Road | 11 45 | 7 17 | |
| Index | 11 50 | 7 22 | |
| Malone | 12 00 | 7 30 | |
| Wells | 12 05 | 7 35 | |
| Stacy Fork | 12 10 | 7 40 | |
| Lewis | 12 15 | 7 45 | |
| Caney | 12 22 | 7 52 | |
| Cannel City | 12 35 | 8 00 | |
| Adele | 12 45 | 8 11 | |
| Helechawa | 12 52 | 8 17 | |
| Lee City | 12 58 | 8 23 | |
| Rose Fork | 1 06 | 8 30 | |
| Hampton | 1 18 | 8 42 | |
| Wilhurst | 1 25 | 8 49 | |
| Vanclev | 1 32 | 8 55 | |
| Frozen | 1 39 | 9 00 | |
| O & K Junction | 1 47 | 9 15 | |
| Jackson | 2 05 | 9 20 | |

P. M. Ar
Daily

DAILY ex
Leaves

DAILY ex
Sunday

DAILY ex
Sunday

WESTWARD

| STATIONS | DAILY ex Sunday | DAILY | DAILY ex Sunday |
|----------------|--------------------|-------|--------------------|
| Liberty Road | 1 25 | 7 13 | |
| Index | 1 18 | 7 08 | |
| Malone | 1 08 | 6 58 | |
| Wells | 1 03 | 6 53 | |
| Stacy Fork | 12 57 | 6 47 | |
| Lewis | 12 52 | 6 42 | |
| Caney | 12 45 | 6 35 | |
| Cannel City | 12 10 | 6 40 | |
| Adele | 12 00 | 6 30 | |
| Helechawa | 11 54 | 6 23 | |
| Lee City | 11 48 | 6 17 | |
| Rose Fork | 11 42 | 6 10 | |
| Hampton | 11 30 | 5 56 | |
| Wilhurst | 11 24 | 5 48 | |
| Vanclev | 11 18 | 5 42 | |
| Frozen | 11 12 | 5 36 | |
| O & K Junction | 10 57 | 5 19 | |
| Jackson | 10 45 | 5 10 | |

P. M. Ar
Daily

DAILY ex
Leaves

DAILY ex
Sunday

DAILY ex
Sunday

LEXINGTON AND EASTERN

Effective, January 1, 1911

WEST BOUND

| No. 1 | No. 3 |
|------------------|------------|
| DAILY | DAILY |
| Ly Quicksand | 1 25 P.M. |
| Jackson | 1 55 A. M. |
| O & K. Junction | 1 50 |
| Athol | 2 25 |
| Beattyville | 2 03 |
| Torrent | 2 25 |
| Campton | 2 43 |
| Junction | 2 43 |
| Clay City | 3 05 |
| L. & E. Junction | 3 07 |
| Winchester | 3 10 |
| Ar Lexington | 3 15 |

EAST-BOUND

| No. 2 | No. 4 |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Ly Lexington | 1 35 P.M. |
| Winchester | 2 17 |
| I. & E. Junction | 2 35 |
| Clay City | 3 05 |
| Campton Junction | 3 47 |
| Torrent | 4 04 |
| Beattyville Junction | 4 15 |
| Athol | 4 52 |
| O & K. Junction | 5 19 |
| Jackson | 5 25 |
| Ar Quicksand | 11 25 |

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will make connection with the Mount Central Ry for passengers to and from Campton, Ky.